

Eclectic Magazine.—Supplement.

NOVEMBER, 1901.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE OATH.*

Mary was already at the window; the shutters were pushed back, and the sweet night air blew through the broken pane upon her face. The heavy sliding shutter caught as she tried to stir it, and she saw that the moving crowd had come close about the house. At the sight of her figure they gave an angry roar; there were musket shots and a great racket of noise. "Come out, come out," they cried, "and take the oath!"

"So the mob has come already," said Madam Wallingford calmly, and rose from her seat. "Then I must go down. Is it a great company?"

"I could not have believed so many men were left," answered Mary bitterly. "They should be fighting other battles!" she protested, trembling with sudden rage. "Where go you, Madam?" for Madam Wallingford was hurrying from the room. As she threw open the door all the frightened people of the household were huddled close outside; they fell upon their knees about her and burst into loud lamentations. They pressed as near their mistress as they could; it was old Rodney and Susan who had kept the others from bursting into the room.

"Silence among ye!" said Madam Wallingford. "I shall do what I can,

my poor people. I am going down to speak to these foolish men."

"They have come to rob us and murder us!" wailed the women.

"Rodney, you will go before me and unbar the door!" commanded the mistress. "Susan shall stay here. Quiet this childishness! I would not have such people as these think that we lack courage."

She went down the wide staircase as if she were a queen, and Mary her maid of honor. Rodney was for hanging back from those who pounded to demand entrance, and needed an angry gesture before he took the great bar down and flung the door wide open. Then Madam Wallingford stepped forward as if to greet her guests with dignity, and Mary was only a step behind. There was a bon-fire lit before the house, and all the portraits along the panelled hall seemed to come alive in the blazing light that shone in, and to stand behind the two women like a guard.

"What do you wish to say to me?" asked Madam Wallingford.

"The oath! the oath!" they cried, "or get you hence!" and there was a shaking of firebrands, and the heads pressed closer about the door.

"You are Sons of Liberty, and yet you forbid liberty to others," said the old gentlewoman in her clear voice. "I have wronged none of you." For very sight of her age and bravery, and

* *The Tory Lover.* By Sarah Orne Jewett. Copyright, 1901. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50.

because she was so great a lady, they fell silent; and then a heavy stone, thrown from the edge of the crowd, struck the lintel of the door beside her.

"Is there no man among you whom you will choose to speak fairly with me, to tell your errand and whence you come?"

"We are some of us from Christian Shore, and some are Dover men, and some of us are men of your own town," answered a pale, elderly man, with the face of a fanatic; he had been a preacher of wild doctrines in the countryside, and was ever a disturber of peace. "We want no Royalists among us, we want no abettors of George the Third; there's a bill now to proscribe ye and stop your luxury and pride. We want no traitors and spies, neither, to betray the cause of the oppressed. You and your son have played a deep game; he has betrayed our cause, and the penalty must fall."

There was a shout of approval; the mob was only too ready to pour into the house.

"My son has put his name to your oath, and you know that he has not broken it, if some of you are indeed men of our own town," said the mother proudly, and they all heard her speak. "I can promise that this is true. Cannot you wait to hear the truth about him, or is it only to rob us and make a night of revel you have come? Do not pay sin with sin, if you must hold those to be sinners who are Loyalists like me!"

"Burn the old nest!" cried an impatient voice. "She may be hiding some King's men—who knows? Stop her prating, and let's to business; we are done with their royalties," and the crowd pushed hard. They forced the two women and old Rodney back into the hall; and at the sound of heavy treading all the women on the stair above fell to shrieking.

Mary put herself before Madam Wal-

lingford for safety's sake, and held up her hand. "Stop, stop!" she begged them. "Let me first take my friend away. I am Mary Hamilton, and you all know my brother. I ask you in his name to let us go in peace."

Her sorrowful face and her beauty for one instant held some of them irresolute, but from the back of the crowd a great pressure urged the rest forward. There was a little hush, and one man cried, "Yes, let them go!" but the wild and lawless, who were for crowding in, would not have it so. It was a terrible moment, like the sight of coming Death. There was a crash; the women were overpowered and flung back against the wall.

Suddenly there was a new confusion, a heavier din, and some unexpected obstacle to this onset; all at once a loud, familiar voice went to Mary's heart. She was crouching with her arms close about her old friend, to shield her from bruises and rough handling as the men pushed by; in the same moment there were loud outcries of alarm without. What happened next in the hall seemed like the hand of Heaven upon their enemies. Old Major Tilly Haggens was there in the midst, with others behind him, dealing stout blows among those who would sack the house. Outside on their horses were Judge Chadbourne and General Goodwin, who had ridden straight into the mob, and with them a little troop of such authorities as could be gathered, constables and tithing men; and old Elder Shackley in his scarlet cloak, Parson Pike and Mr. Rollins, his chief parishioner, were all there, too. They rode among the brawling men as if they were but bushes, and turned their good horses before the house. The crowd quickly lost its solid look; it now had to confront those who were not defenceless.

"We are Patriots and Sons of Liberty, all of us who are here!" shouted the

minister, in a fine, clear voice. "We are none of us, old or young, for the King, but we will not see a Christian gentle-woman and kind neighbor made to suffer in such wise as this. Nor shall you do vengeance upon her son until there is final proof of his guilt."

"We can beat these old parsons!" shouted an angry voice. "To it, lads! We are three to their one!" But the elderly men on horseback held their own; most of them were taught in the old school of fighting, and had their ancient swords well in hand, ready for use with all manly courage. Major Tilly Haggens still fought as a foot soldier in the hall; his famous iron fist was doing work worthy of those younger days when he was called the best boxer and wrestler in the plantations. He came forth now, sweeping the most persistent before him out of the house.

"I'll learn ye to strike a poor lame old man like me! Ye are no honest Patriots, but a pack of thieves and blackguards! The worst pest of these colonies!" he cried, with sound blows to right and left for emphasis. He laid out one foe after another on the soft grass as on a bed, until there was no one left to vanquish, and his own scant breath had nearly left his body. The trampling horses had helped their riders' work, and were now for neighing and rearing and taking to their heels. The town constable was bawling his official threats, as he held one of the weaker assailants by the collar and pounded the poor repentant creature's back. It had suddenly turned to a scene of plain comedy, and the mob was nothing but a rabble of men and boys, all running for shelter, such as could still run, and disappearing down toward the river shore.

The old judge got stiffly from his tall Narragansett pacer, and came into the hall.

"Madam Wallingford's friends stop here to-night," he told the old servant,

who appeared from some dark corner. Poor Rodney was changed to such an ashen color that he looked very strange, and as if he had rubbed phosphorus to his frightened eyes. "You may tell your mistress and Miss Hamilton that there is no more danger for the present," added the judge. "I shall set a watch about the house till daylight."

Major Haggens was panting for breath, and leaned his great weight heavily against the wainscoting. "I am near an apoplexy," he groaned faintly. "Rodney, I hope I killed some of those divils! You may bring me a little water, and qualify it with some of Madam's French brandy of the paler sort. Stay; you must help me get to the dining parlor myself, and I'll consider the spirit-case. Too violent a portion would be my death; 'twould make a poor angel of me, Rodney!"

Early in the morning Judge Chadboure and his neighbor Squire Hill, a wise and prudent man, went out to take the morning air before the house. They were presently summoned by Madam Wallingford, and spoke with her in her chamber. The broken glass of the window still glistened on the floor; even at sunrise the day was so mild that there was no chill, but the guests were struck by something desolate in the room, even before they caught sight of their lady's face.

"I must go away, my good friends," she declared quietly, after she had thanked them for their service. "I must not put my friends in peril," she added, "but I am sure of your kind advice in my sad situation."

"We wait upon you to say that it would be best, Madam," said the judge plainly. "I hear that New Hampshire as well as Massachusetts has an act of great severity in consideration against the presence or return of Loyalists, and I fear that you would run too much risk by staying here. If you should be

proscribed and your estates confiscated, as I fear may be done in any case, you are putting your son's welfare in peril as well as your own. If he still be living now, though misfortunes have overtaken him, and he has kept faith, as we who knew him must still believe, these estates which you hold for him in trust are not in danger; if the facts are otherwise"—and the old justice looked at her, but could not find it in his heart to go on.

Madam Wallingford sat pondering, with her eyes fixed upon his face, and was for some time lost in the gravest thoughts.

"What is this oath?" she asked at last, and her cheeks whitened as she put the question.

The judge turned to Mr. Hill, and, without speaking, that gentleman took a folded paper from among some documents which he wore in his pocket, and rose to hand it to the lady.

"Will you read it to me?" she asked again; and he read the familiar oath of allegiance in a steady voice, and not without approval in his tone:—

"I do acknowledge the United States of America to be free, independent and sovereign states, and declare that the people thereof owe no allegiance or obedience to George the Third, King of Great Britain; and I renounce, refuse and abjure any allegiance or obedience to him; and I do swear that I will, to the utmost of my power, support, maintain and defend the said United States against the said King George the Third, his heirs and successors, and his or their abettors, assistants and adherents, and will serve the said United States in the office . . . which I now hold, with fidelity, according to the best of my skill and understanding."

As he finished, he looked at the listener for assent, as was his habit, and Judge Chadbourne half rose, in his eagerness; everything was so simple

and so easy if she would take the oath. She was but a woman—the oath was made for men; but she was a great landholder, and all the country looked to her. She was the almoner of her own wealth and her husband's, and 'twere better she stood here in her lot and place.

"I cannot sign this," she said abruptly. "Is that the oath that Roger, my son, has taken?"

"The same, Madam," answered Mr. Hill, with a disappointed look upon his face, and there was silence in the room.

"I must make me ready to go," said Madam Wallingford at last, and the tears stood deep in her eyes. "But if my son gave his word, he will keep his word. I shall leave my trust and all his fortunes in your hands, and you may choose some worthy gentlemen from this side the river to stand with you. The papers must be drawn in Portsmouth. I shall send a rider down at once with a message, and by night I shall be ready to go myself to town. I must ask if you and your colleagues will meet me there at my house. . . . You must both carry my kind farewells to my Barwick friends. As for me"—and her voice broke for the first time—"I am but a poor remainder of the past that cannot stand against a mighty current of change. I knew last night that it would come to this. I am an old woman to be turned out of my home, and yet I tell you the truth, that I go gladly, since the only thing I can hope for now is to find my son. You see I am grown frail and old, but there is something in my heart that makes me hope. . . . I have no trace of my son, but he was left near to death, and must now be among enemies, by reason of having been upon the ship. No, no, I shall not sign your oath; take it away with you, good friends!" she cried bitterly. Then she put out her weak hands to them, and

a pathetic, broken look came upon her face.

"Twas most brotherly, what you did for me last night, dear friends. You must thank the other gentlemen who were with you. I ask your affection-

ate remembrance in the sad days that come; you shall never fail of my prayers."

And so they left her standing in the early sunshine of her chamber, and went away sorrowful.

BUDDHA'S EAR PRECIPICE.*

Hua Ling Ping stands upon a flat-topped, quadrangular cliff, the walls, as is often the case in Chinese mountain towns, carried out to the edge and forming a crown to the cliff. We entered into a broad street parade ground, or market-place—we did not find out which—and then turned off into the narrow main street, where we put up at a plain, unpretentious, but perfectly comfortable inn. We had made 75 mountain li, and had descended to 7000 feet. Here we met our first Lama, in a gown of old gold, covered by a cloak of crimson felt, and realized that we were now really on the Thibetan border.

The houses here are roofed with loose planks weighted with stones, so that it probably can blow here in winter, still as the air generally is in summer. Off in the cool morning, with the thermometer at sixty degrees, down a very steep crumbling path of loose shale, upon which it was not easy to keep one's footing. The path was very narrow, very steep, of crumbling shale, and broken up by landslides in all directions—down 2500 feet, along, sometimes high above, sometimes close alongside of, the ruddy, ever widening stream, and on to its junction with the mighty Tung, which we reached again after a fortnight's absence. We are

now little over 4000 feet above the sea—we last stood on the banks of the Tung at Kin Kou Ho, 1700 feet above the sea; thus the Tung falls 2500 feet in about 100 miles. A road cut in the cliffs which line its banks would give an easy, gradual ascent instead of the three high passes of over 9000 feet, besides innumerable lesser ones, which we have come over. We crossed the many channels of the wide delta of the stream—two or three square miles of big red, white and green boulders, a mile or so above the town of Sheng Chen, perched on a high flat composed of rocky *detritus* in the angle formed by the left bank of the Tung and that of its affluent. One of the customary temporary bridges, formed of a couple of young fir-trees, propped on a pile of boulders at each end, rendered the main channel just passable; our pony was driven into the torrent by the men and urged to scramble through with shouts and missiles, thoroughly soaking the Chinese saddle and saddle-cloth, which they had neglected to remove. On reaching the opposite bank, a steep ascent of about 200 feet landed us on the top of a cliff overlooking the Tung, up the left bank of which our course now lay. The Tung here was a rushing body of milky, semi-transparent water, fully 100 yards wide, and, I should judge, 20 feet deep, and flowing with a seven-knot current. The narrow path follows the edge of the

* Mount Omi and Beyond: A Record of Travel on the Thibetan Border. By Archibald John Little, F.R.G.S. Copyright, 1901. William Heinemann.

cliff overhanging the torrent, and as the animals usually carry packs, they have a habit of bearing away from the inside wall and walking on the extreme edge, which is appalling until at last one gets confidence in their sure-footedness. We made a hasty tiffin by the wayside, being anxious not to travel such roads by dusk, when, upon rounding a dangerous corner, high up above the river, a most extraordinary sight met our astonished gaze. The corner we had rounded formed the edge of a sort of recess, apparently scooped out by the river in the mountain side, about 200 feet back, and in a spot where the usual hard rock gave place to softer shale. A huge whirlpool filled the foot of the recess which it was now occupied in enlarging; but its waste was being replaced by a steady fall of rock from above. For at the back of the recess a "mud" fall tumbled over the cliff, here, perhaps, a thousand feet high, bringing down with it a constant stream of rocks which bounded over the narrow foot-way and thence down the lower slope with a splash into the boiling river. We sat down on the rock at the corner and watched the spectacle entranced. We had been foretold all sorts of impossible dangers, especially since the heavy rains, not excepting the famous Luting Suspension bridge, the alleged fear of which led one of our Chung King chair-coolies to give up the journey; but we were not prepared for running the gauntlet of such a cannonade as this. So we sat down and gazed. Is it possible, we said, that this phenomenon is constant, and, if so, how is the supply kept up? Never having seen anything of the kind in our previous experience of mountainous countries, we should much have liked to climb up the mountain side, had it been possible, and thoroughly investigate the source of this extraordinary stream which flowed on so

steadily with a calm persistence that entirely fascinated our gaze. But, unfortunately, we were not explorers in the real sense of the term, and could not afford to loiter by the way and miss our daily stages. Presently some coolies came along, and we watched with intense interest to see how they would proceed. The path was not a foot wide, and, in fact, only retained as a path at all by the traffic over it, by which a way was trodden in the shaly slope as fast as it dribbled away. A big rock lined the inside of the track on one side of the fall, and under the lee of this the men crouched, watched for an exceptionally heavy shower, and then, when this was over, made a bolt for it. This manoeuvre was methodically repeated by each individual, who was greeted by the laughter of his companions as he successfully ran the gauntlet. The stones were all angular, and varied in size from that of a walnut to a pumpkin, while the great height from which they fell rendered them doubly dangerous. We sat nearly an hour watching before we made up our minds to venture on, and should certainly not then have had the courage to do so had we not seen the natives pass with impunity. So we went on and stood under the sheltering rock on the very edge of this novel cascade. The muddy, stone-laden stream made a loud, rattling, grating noise as it carried the smaller stones along with it in its hurried course: the larger rock fragments came bounding down in huge leaps as they crashed by. Waiting for a bigger mass than usual to go by, the run was made and we all got safely over. It was literally a rock cascade, for there was very little water in the stream, and that quite shallow. Our pony jumped across without any difficulty, but our invaluable watchdog, Jack, got panic-struck as he felt the ground moving under his feet, and crouched down. I was behind, and so

able to catch him up and save him from a watery or even worse demise.

This curious spot is known as "Feuer Ngai" or "Buddha's Ear Precipice." A small temple is niched into the rocks at one corner of the recess, where the pious people solicit protection, every natural phenomenon being supposed to be in charge of a local deity. Thus we

find shrines cut out of the rock at nearly every rapid in the many rivers of Szechuan, to which the passing boatmen seldom fail to pay their devotions; if lives are lost notwithstanding, as often happens, it is a case of divine retribution, in the infallible action of which no people believe more firmly than do the Chinese.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE B. & A.*

Oakley took the satchel from General Cornish's hand as the latter stepped from his private car.

"You got my note, I see," he said. "I think I'll go to the hotel for the rest of the night.

He glanced back over his shoulder, as he turned with Dan towards the bus which was waiting for them at the end of the platform.

"I guess no one else got off here. It's not much of a railroad centre."

"No," agreed Oakley, impartially; "there are places where the traffic is heavier."

Arrived at the hotel, Oakley led the way upstairs to the General's room. It adjoined his own. Cornish paused on the threshold until he had lighted the gas.

"Light the other burner, will you?" he requested. "There, thanks, that's better."

He lurched down solidly into the chair Oakley placed for him. "I hope you are comfortable here," he said kindly.

"Oh yes." He still stood.

"Sit down," said Cornish. "I don't, as a rule, believe in staying up after

midnight to talk business, but I must start East to-morrow."

He slipped out of his chair and began to pace the floor, with his hands thrust deep in his trousers-pockets. "I want to talk over the situation here. I don't see that the road is ever going to make a dollar. I've an opportunity to sell it to the M. & W. Of course this is extremely confidential. It must not go any further. I am told they will discontinue it beyond this point, and of course they will either move the shops away or close them." He paused in his rapid walk. "It's too bad it never paid. It was the first thing I did when I came West. I thought it a pretty big thing then. I have always hoped it would justify my judgment, and it promised to for a while until the lumber interests played out. Now what do you advise, Oakley? I want to get your ideas. You understand, if I sell I won't lose much. The price offered will just about meet the mortgage I hold, but I guess the stockholders will come out at the little end of the horn."

Oakley understood exactly what was ahead of the stockholders if the road changed hands. Perhaps his face showed that he was thinking of this, for the general observed, charitably:

"It's unfortunate, but you can't mix sentiment in a transaction of this sort.

*The Manager of the B. & A. By Vaughan Kester. Copyright, 1901. Harper & Bros. Price \$1.50.

I'd like to see them all get their money back, and more, too."

His mental attitude towards the world was one of generous liberality, but he had such excellent control over his impulses that, while he always seemed about to embark in some large philanthropy, he had never been known to take even the first step in that direction. In short, he was hard and unemotional, but with a deceptive, unswerving kindness of manner, which while it had probably never involved a dollar of his riches, had at divers times cost the unwary and the indiscreet much money.

No man presided at the board meetings of a charity with an air of larger benevolence, and no man drove closer or more conscienceless bargains. His friends knew better than to trust him —a precaution they observed in common with his enemies.

"I am sure the road could be put on a paying basis," said Oakley. "Certain quite possible economies would do that. Of course we can't create business; there is just so much of it, and we get it all as it is. But the shops might be made very profitable. I have secured a good deal of work for them, and I shall secure more. I had intended to propose a number of reforms, but if you are going to sell, why, there's no use of going into the matter—" he paused.

The general meditated in silence for a moment.

"I'd hate to sacrifice my interests if I thought you could even make the road pay expenses. Now, just what do you intend to do?"

"I'll get my order-book and show you what's been done for the shops," said Oakley, rising with alacrity. I have figured out the changes, too, and you can see at a glance just what I propose doing."

The road and the shops employed some five hundred men, most of whom

had their homes in Antioch. Oakley knew that if the property was sold it would practically wipe the town out of existence. The situation was full of interest for him. If Cornish approved, and told him to go ahead with his reforms, it would be an opportunity such as he had never known.

He went into his own room, which opened off Cornish's, and got his order-book and table of figures, which he had carried up from the office that afternoon.

They lay on the stand with a pile of trade journals. For the first time in his life he viewed these latter with an unfriendly eye. He thought of Constance Emory, and realized that he should never again read and digest the annual report of the Joint Traffic Managers' Association with the same sense of intellectual fulness it had hitherto given him. No, clearly, that was a pleasure he had outgrown.

He had taken a great deal of pains with his figures, and they seemed to satisfy Cornish that the road, if properly managed, was not such a hopeless proposition after all. Something might be done with it.

Oakley rose in his good esteem: he had liked him, and he was justifying his good opinion. He beamed benevolently on the young man, and thawed out of his habitual reserve into a genial, ponderous frankness.

"You have done well," he said, glancing through the order-book with evident satisfaction.

"Of course," explained Oakley, "I am going to make a cut in wages this spring, if you agree to it, but I haven't the figures for this yet." The general nodded. He approved of cuts on principle.

"That's always a wise move," he said. "Will they stand it?"

"They'll have to." And Oakley laughed rather nervously. He appreciated that his reforms were likely to

make him very unpopular in Antioch. "They shouldn't object. If the road changes hands it will kill their town."

"I suppose so," agreed Cornish, indifferently.

"And half a loaf is lots better than no bread," added Oakley. Again the general nodded his approval. That was the very pith and Gospel of his financial code, and he held it as greatly to his own credit that he had always been perfectly willing to offer half-loaves.

"What sort of shape is the shop in?" he asked after a moment's silence.

"Very good on the whole."

"I am glad to hear you say so. I spent over a hundred thousand on the plant originally."

"Of course, the equipment can hardly be called modern, but it will do for the sort of work for which I am bidding," Oakley explained.

"Well, it will be an interesting problem for a young man, Oakley. If you pull the property up it will be greatly to your credit. I was going to offer you another position, but we will let that go over for the present. I am very much pleased, though, with all you have done, very much pleased, indeed. I go abroad in about two weeks. My youngest daughter is to be married in London to the Earl of Minchester." The title rolled glibly from the great man's lips. "So you'll have the fight, if it is a fight, all to yourself. I'll see that Holloway does what you say. He's the only one you'll have to look to in my absence, but you won't be able to count on him for anything; he gets limp in a crisis. Just don't make the mistake of asking his advice."

"I'd rather have no advice," interrupted Dan, hastily, "unless it's yours," he added.

"I'll see that you're not bothered. You are the sort of fellow who will do better with a free hand, and that is what I intend you shall have."

"Thank you," said Oakley, his heart warming with the other's praise.

"I shall be back in three months, and then, if your schemes have worked out at all as we expect, why, we can consider putting the property in better shape."—A part of Oakley's plan.—"As you say, it's gone down so there won't be much but the right of way presently."

"I hope that eventually there'll be profits," said Oakley, whose mind was beginning to reach out into the future.

"I guess the stockholders will drop dead if we ever earn a dividend. That's the last thing they're looking forward to," remarked Cornish, dryly. "Will you leave a six-thirty call at the office for me? I forgot, and I must take the first train."

Oakley had gathered up his order-book and papers. The general was already fumbling with his cravat and collar.

"I am very well satisfied with your plan, and I believe you have the ability to carry it out."

He threw aside his coat and vest, and sat down to take off his shoes. "Don't saddle yourself with too much work. Keep enough of an office force to save yourself wherever you can. I think, if orders continue to come in as they have been doing, the shops promise well. It just shows what a little energy will accomplish."

"With judicious nursing in the start there should be plenty of work for us, and we are well equipped to handle it."

"Yes," agreed Cornish. "A lot of money was spent on the plant. I wanted it just right."

"I can't understand why more hasn't been done with the opportunity here."

"I've never been able to find the proper man to take hold till I found you, Oakley. You have given me a better insight into conditions than I have had at any time since I built the

road, and it ain't such a bad proposition, after all, especially the shops." The general turned out the gas as he spoke, and Oakley, as he stood in the doorway of his own room, saw dimly a white figure moving in the direction of the bed.

"I'd figure close on all repair work. The thing is to get them into the habit of coming to us. Don't forget the call, please. Six-thirty, sharp."

The slats creaked and groaned beneath his weight. "Good-night."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The autumn list of A. C. McClurg & Co. includes twenty-five titles, eleven of which are books of fiction.

Harper & Bros. are the American publishers of the life of Queen Victoria by the Duke of Argyll, formerly the Marquis of Lorne.

The autumn announcements show that the stream of historical romance has not ceased to flow, but it is at least diminishing in volume.

Little, Brown & Co. are publishing this season a "Pocket Balzac" in Miss Wormeley's translation, and from the same plates as the earlier edition, but upon thinner paper, which makes the volumes of convenient pocket size.

Both the editorial and the business offices of "The New England Magazine" have been removed to New York, which seems rather anomalous. The September number, which appears in a blue-and-white cover, has an unfamiliar look. The table of contents suggests a purpose, on the part of the new management, to broaden the scope of the magazine, while retaining its distinctive New England flavor.

Not the witchcraft agitation but the struggle for the Massachusetts charter is the real historical background for the story of love and adventure which

R. F. Fenno & Co. publish, under the title "When a Witch is Young." The writer, who conceals his identity under the symbols "4-19-69," has woven together an ingenious succession of somewhat lurid incidents in a style to interest many readers.

A single month's instalment of fiction from the press of L. C. Page & Co. includes "Captain Ravenshaw" by Robert Neilson Stephens; "Her Washington Experiences" by Anna Farquhar, author of "Her Boston Experiences;" "Back to the Soil" by Bradley Gilman; "My Strangest Case" by Guy Boothby; "Jarvis of Harvard" by R. W. Kauffmann; and "A Gentlewoman of the Slums" by Annie Wakeman.

The announcement that Mr. Austin Dobson has retired from the public service in England and has been granted a Civil List pension is widely welcomed, from the promise which it seems to afford of more contributions to literature. It would be a pity if so delightful a writer were doomed to perpetual clerical work at his desk. Mr. Dobson entered the Board of Trade in 1856, at the age of sixteen, and has remained there ever since.

A new novel by the author of that much-talked-of book, "The Little Grey Sheep," would attract attention even

if its scene were not laid in the country most fascinating of all to foreigners to-day. In "Marna's Mutiny" Mrs. Hugh Fraser tells the love-story of the bright and dashing daughter of a Scandinavian consul stationed in one of the Japanese ports. The social atmosphere reminds one rather oppressively at times of Simla, but the natural scenery is charming, and Mrs. Fraser describes it *con amore*. The dialogue is well-managed and the narrative full of incident and variety, and there is much shrewd and caustic comment by the way. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Readers who are beginning to tire of the romantic novel, while they still crave some other ingredient in their fiction than dialect, poverty and problems, can always trust themselves to Ellen Olney Kirk with calm confidence. Writing in an easy, pleasant style of well-dressed and well-bred people, she uses her accessories effectively but not obtrusively, keeps her plots on the safe side of the sensational line, and redeems them from triviality by just the right infusion of seriousness. "Our Lady Vanity," the study of New York social life which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just published, is as readable a story as the season is likely to offer. The drawing of the central character—a woman clever, charming, selfish and unscrupulous—is a remarkably good piece of work, though the figure of the father-in-law whose hard-won millions sustain her splendors is perhaps even more striking.

To their uniform edition of the writings of Alphonse Daudet, Little, Brown & Co. have added "Jack" in two volumes, translated by Marion McIntyre; and, in one volume, "The Evangelist" translated by Olive Edwards Palmer, and "Rose and Ninette," translated by Charles de Kay. "Jack" is the longest of Daudet's stories, and if not the most

characteristic of his genius is one into which he threw most of his heart. Touched with humor, irony and pathos, it holds the attention of the reader from the first page to the last. One follows the fortunes, or more accurately, the misfortunes, of the hapless hero through his forlorn childhood to his pathetic death, with unfailing sympathy. It is a tragedy of unloved childhood, as touching in its way as that of "Oliver Twist." "The Evangelist" is a profoundly painful story, dealing with another sort of moral tragedy; and "Rose and Ninette," the slightest of the three, while not so pathetic as "Jack" nor so pessimistic as "The Evangelist" is a sad tale, with a moral worth pondering.

Matilde Serao's name stands high in the list of contemporary Italian writers, and there are critics who do not hesitate to call her one of the great novelists of the age. Harper & Bros. have done the American public a service in giving them a translation of her latest book, "The Land of Cockayne," a study of Neapolitan life with the lottery as its central interest. The book is planned on a large scale, with an intricate plot, actors from all grades of society, and an exuberance of detail, so that the reader is at first a little daunted by its size. But he does not turn many pages before he realizes that he has found something quite out of the common, and he soon yields to the grim fascination of the dreadful story. Unrelieved by a single touch of light, the gloom is almost too profound for artistic, though not for moral, effect. Donna Bianca—the delicate, half-distraught creature whose "visions" are to reveal to her father the mystic numbers that will restore the fortunes of their ancient house—is portrayed with rare insight and power, and it is in her pitiful romance that the tragedy reaches its climax.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Armenia: Travels and Studies. By H. F. B. Lynch. 2 vols. Illustrations and Maps. Longmans, Green & Co.

Belgium and the Belgians. By Cyril Scudamore. William Blackwood & Sons.

Boswell's Life of Johnson. New Edition. Edited by Augustine Birrell. Illustrated with Portraits selected by Ernest Radford from Contemporary Paintings and Engravings. Vol. I. Archibald Constable & Co.

Bush-Whacking and Other Sketches. By Hugh Clifford. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

By Command of the Prince. By John Lawrence Lambe. Fisher Unwin.

Cardigan. By Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated. Harper & Bros. Price \$1.50.

Children of the Nations, The: A Study of Civilization and its Problems. By Poultney Bigelow. Wm. Heinemann.

Cicero's Time, The Legal Procedure of. By A. H. J. Greenidge. Oxford, Clarendon Press.

Country I Come From, The. By Henry Lawson. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

De Omnibus. By the Conductor (Barry Pain). Fisher Unwin.

Diary of the Siege of the Legations in Peking, A. By Nigel Oliphant. Longmans, Green & Co.

Divorce Laws of the United States, Tabulated Digest of. By Hugo Hirsh. Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price \$1.50.

Domine's Garden, The. By Imogen Clark. John Murray.

English Bible, The Evolution of the: An Historical Sketch of the Successive Versions from 1382 to 1885. By H. W. Hoare. John Murray.

Evangelist, The. By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Olive Edwards Palmer. Also Rose and Ninette. Translated from Daudet by Charles De Kay. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.50.

Florentine History, The Two First Centuries of. By Prof. Pasquale Villari. Fisher Unwin.

Four-Leaved Clover. By Maxwell Gray. Wm. Heinemann.

Gower, John, The Works of. By G. C. Macaulay.—French and English Works. 3 vols. Oxford, Clarendon Press.

Her Ladyship's Secret. By William Westall. Chatto & Windus.

Jack. By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Marian McIntyre. Little, Brown & Co. 2 vols. Price \$1.50 per vol.

Love and His Mask. By Ménie Muriel Dowie. Wm. Heinemann.

Makers of the Nineteenth Century. By Richard A. Armstrong, B.A. Fisher Unwin.

Manchuria: Its People, Resources and Recent History. By Alexander Hosie. Methuen & Co.

Marna's Mutiny. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$1.50.

Mountains of the Moon, To the. By J. E. S. Moore, F.R.G.S. Hurst & Blackett.

Naples: Past and Present. By A. H. Norway. Methuen & Co.

Our Lady Vanity. By Ellen Olney Kirk. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50.

Sawdust. By Dorothea Gerard. Wm. Heinemann.

Sir Hector. By Robert Machray. Archibald Constable & Co.

Skipper of Barncraig, The. By Gabriel Setoun. Archibald Constable & Co.

Sower of Wheat, A. By Harold Bindloss. Chatto & Windus.

Story of Bruges, The. By Ernest Gylliat-Smith. Illustrated by Edith Colomb and Hector Railton. J. M. Dent & Co.

Striking Hours, The. By Eden Phillpotts. Methuen & Co.

Talks on Writing English. Second Series. By Arlo Bates. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.30 net; post-paid, \$1.45.

Tessa: The Trader's Wife. By Louis Becke. Fisher Unwin.

Trewern: A Tale of the Thirties. By R. M. Thomas. Fisher Unwin.

Westerners, The. By Stewart Edward White. McClure, Phillips & Co. Price \$1.50.

